

re climb
up Mt. Shasta
on short leave
before going
over sea

25 pages

interesting account
not too badly written.
It begins on p. 9

Oct. 6, 1944

Dear Folks,

You've probably been wondering if I've left, and of course we're wondering when we are ^{leaving}, which just goes to show how little one knows of what goes on. It should be soon, but that's not saying it will be. We could catch our ship here or go out by available transportation and catch it elsewhere later.

I guess both of you are now at Great Neck, minus The Bear, unless Ma has already moved to Washington. It must have been a little sad to see The Bear off, which sort of reminds me of a recent movie, "The White Cliffs of Dover" (American girl marries Britische in last war, and he dies; then son grows up ^{after} almost, but not quite visiting this country, persuading his mother to stay in England, and he

fights in this war,
 managing, however, to
 survive his wounds, etc.).
 It was an interesting
 attempt, partially
 successful. I'd say, at
 cementing U.S. - British
 friendship, and if you see
 it, I'd be interested in
 comments, as I was on
 my remarks about
 "Typical Englishmen" last
 time. These comments
 were largely for the
 sake of argument, though

questions arise in my
 mind now and then
 when comparing relative
 numbers and sizes of
 armies, navies, prisoners
 taken, ships sunk, etc.,
 etc. I'm sure that
 the British war effort
 is positively magnificent
 in many respects, but
 it certainly took long
 enough to clean up
 Africa and with our
 help when the bulls
 of the German army

was occupying the whole of Europe and fighting Russia, and you've got to admit ^{perhaps} India and Burma have been messed up. Don't you think their organization of things is, for instance, behind ours, and that they are more inclined to bungle or at least be hap-hazard?

And now to get into subject I really do know something about, mountains.

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It's obviously a close
thing between our number
of ascents, Pa. Not knowing
what to count I'll put
down about everything
that has a name down
to about the "speed" of
Joe English, not, however,
including same. I'll try
to give them in order of
height except where they
are peaks of the same
climb. Though I won't
include things like
Pomola (sp.?). The list
follows - by states.

N. H.

{	2	Washington	6288
{		Jefferson	5725
{	2-3	Lafayette	5240
{		Lincoln	5100+
{		{ Little Haystack	4400?
{		{ Liberty	4300?
{	2	South Twin	4922
{	2	North Twin	4700+
{		Quyet	4500+
		Carle Dome	4860
2		Mooreland	4810
		Carriquin	4600+
		Hancock	4400+
		Garfield	4400+
		Hinsman	4700+
3		Oscola	4300+
{		Field	4300±
{		Willey	4200±
2		Tripyramid	4150±
3		Passaconaway	4060
4-5		Whiteface	4015
2		Tecumseh	4004
		Cannon	4000+
3		Sandwich Dome	3990+
3-4		Chocoma	3475
		Panque	3200+
2-3		Monadnock	3188
		Cardigan	3100+
		Shaw	2975
2-3		Israel	2600+
		Bellmap	2300+
		{ Mozan	2243
20±		{ Percival	2236
		{ Squam	2200
		{ Doublehead	2150+

		Prospect	2072
6 4		Red Hill	2029
		Youngs	2004
		East Rattlesnake	1200±
{		{ Welch	2500±?
{		{ Dickey	2500±?

Me

3		Katahdin	5267
2		Old Speck	4200±
		Blue	3500±?

Mass

3-4		Watatic	1800±
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N. Y.

		McIntyre	5100±
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N. C.

		Clingman's Dome	6600+
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Ga

		Stone Mt.	1600+
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Colo

		Thorodin	10,000±
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Cal.

		Shasta	14,161
		Lassen	10,462
		Black Butte	6,344

By Car

		Whiteface (N. Y.)	
		Wachusett (Mass.)	
		Washburn (Wyo.)	

Well, that's the list as far as I can make my memory work. There are some that shouldn't count, like Field, Little Haystack, Squaw Mt., etc., etc., but one wonders where to draw the line.

Clingman's Dome is another, only the last few hundred feet ^{of which} were walked. My how those names carry me back!

Well, now I'll try and describe my leave in more detail than before. I had quite a time deciding where to go. To semite or Taboe would have appealed most if I hadn't been to each before.

Shasta appealed to me
 because of several things.
 Next to Ranier it is the
 highest isolated or really
 individual mountain in
 the country, like ~~the above~~ ^{the above} and
 the other peaks of the
 Cascade range, ^a former
 volcanoes. I had once
 seen it from the rim
 of Crater Lake more than
 100 miles away, and even
 then in the middle of
 the summer it had
 considerable snow on it.
 Actually my final
 decision came at the
 last moment when I was

lucky enough to pick¹⁰
up an upper. A
comfortable night and
then I was right below
the mountain in the
town of the same name^(pop. 1600+)
at an altitude of 3550'.
I was almost as impressed
with a remarkably
symmetrical cinder cone
by the name of Black
Butte, which rises
steeply just north west
of town and a little
south west of its mighty
neighbor, and so climbed
it that first day. I to

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slopes are almost 45° , but
the trail zig-zags very
gradually, making it
an easy ascent - 2000' in
three and a quarter miles,
covered, incidentally, in
just over an hour. There's
a fine look-out on top,
and the fire warden was
very hospitable, making
me some coffee, telling
about the country, etc.
Interestingly enough he
said he was one of the
few marine aviators in
the last war and shot
down something like eight

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planes before getting shot
down himself. We talked
for over two hours, and
it was dark before I
reached the foot of the
mountain, five miles or
so from town.

I stayed in a very
comfortable "motel", which
is sometimes known as
an "autocourt". The next
morning I was pretty
tired and stiff and left
late, eventually hitch-
hiking (without actually
"thumbing") around to
get views and pictures of

Shosta from the west and north west, the place I was staying being southwest of the mountain.

The following day I decided to start up the mountain, investigate a place known as Horse Camp and spend the night there if facilities were adequate. Road and trails were poorly marked, and I got on a very roundabout route that seemed to get me nowhere until by a lucky

chance a fellow came
along and gave me a
ride to within less than
two miles of the camp.
But for that I never
would have climbed
the mountain, having
decided to "return to base"
just before he came
chugging along. As it
was, I got to Horse Camp
at sunset, but was
happy to find it solid
and cozy and unlooted.
No one was there,
but there was a fire-
place and some wood.

I had brought along a little food, but there was also some left by recent visitors for anyone's use. There were benches and mattresses, and so I had a comfortable night, being warmly clad. ~~down~~ right down to "winter woolies".

The next morning I looked up at the mountain and seeing clouds forming around the top almost decided not to attempt the ascent. The clouds, however,

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thinned out, so I started
up, with some 6270 feet
of vertical climb to go.

Up to perhaps 12,000' the
climb was relatively
uninteresting, but pretty
tough because of the
preponderance of loose
rocks and stones. There
was little timber beyond
Horse Camp. Snow, much
less than in most seasons
so said the local people,
appeared, at a guess, some-
where between 10,000 and
11,000. I got off the trail
at one point and had to

scramble up over a steep, hard, snow bank to get up to the final ridge, but there were only a few places I couldn't have avoided snow.

The wind was very strong and would have made progress almost impossible, but for lee here and there.

The top of the mountain is relatively flat and the ~~center~~ starting point of several glaciers that extend down the north side of the mountain.

though the very highest point is somewhat of a pinnacle, involving a bit of a scramble especially in a high wind. Of course it was pretty cold too, though by no means freezing at that time.

The view was somewhat obscured by clouds in most directions,

though Lassen, over 70 miles to the south, stood out very clearly. Views of the glacier on Shasta itself were perhaps most impressive. On the

top I lingered only long enough to take pictures, and despite much faster time going down, every step increased rather than decreased in the loose material, it was sunset again by the time I returned to Horse Camp. True, I had got off to a late start, not hurried, the altitude having a fatiguing effect, and got off the trail, but I certainly didn't feel proud of the time I took.

The second night

there was company, an
 army sergeant, who had
 started up after me and
 got down before without,
 however, tackling the
 pinnacle, which apparently
 was the reason we didn't
 meet up on the mountain.
 We were just preparing
 to go to bed when a
 young couple pulled in
 on their way to make
 the climb the next day.
 The man was very
 friendly, but almost
 too talkative.

The next day the

couple started up the mountain, the sergeant and I down - by his route, he having figured out a good way after getting off the track before hand. Like myself he had planned to spend the first night at Horse Camp, but didn't get a lucky ride and had to spend the night in the woods somewhere below. It took me a full two and a half hours to get back to town and by as direct a route as

seemed practicable. We were really moving too. All this time I played civilian just for the fun of it, and we parted after a good lunch on friendly terms, but as soldier and civilian (no lies, just silence necessary).

That same day I hit-hiked, once more in uniform, to Redding, via Shasta Dam, which is almost as high and actually bigger, I believe, than Boulder Dam. A

night bus ride took me
 to Sacramento and then
 a morning ride ~~to~~ ^{was} up over
 a pass in the Sierras to
 Truckee. From there I
 hitch-hiked to Tahoe
 and had a scant hour
 there before having to
 return to make sure of
 catching the train.

Once on it I secured
 the last berth on the
 whole train from the
 conductor, and nine hours
 or so later I was in
 Oakland, A.O.L., but no
 one the wiser or caring
 so long as one showed

up the morning after the
midnight ones leave
expired at.

You may ask why I
went to Tahoe for an hour.
Well, it would have
been at least half a day
if connections had been
better. It was worth it
for the ride over the pass,
which, with views of
roaring streams, lakes
and pine forests, was much
enjoyed. Tahoe reminds
me of Winnepegossee. It
is almost incredibly blue
and clear. There were no
lakes or pretty streams on

on near Stasta, the volcanic rock and soil being too porous, and these I had missed.

The forests ^{here} were impressive only as they approached timber line. most of the land on the lower slopes ^{having} being turned into a scrubby waste by forest fires.

For Christmas? All I can think of is a straight razor and books. Books of a substantial nature would probably be best. Nuff said. Love Tooth